

revolt

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Summary: wowiee a new chick joins the xmen. and surprise surprise, she's perfect!

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Revolt Yayyy...another Mary-Sue joins the X-Men! Sort of. Rating: PG
----- _Disclaimer: The X-People belong to Marvel, and I'm not making
any profit from them. Ravenne is mine, lucky me._

"Mes amis, I want you to meet...Ravenne."

The X-Men kept staring at the television. "Hi, Ravenne," they
chorused dully. Remy was annoyed.

"She be my new love!" he squawked indignantly. "Don't nobody care
'bout ol' Remy no more?"

"Don't, ma cher." Ravenne SilverStar NightWolf's voice was liquid
velvet. She placed one slender hand on Remy's forearm, tossing her
naturally rose-scented mane of curls that was a color somewhere
between red and cherrywood, with a silver streak just over her left
eye. "After how they abandoned you in Antarctica, I'm not
surprised."

"Yeah, whatever. Do you mind?" Scott said, irritably. "We're trying
to watch 'The Family Guy', here."

Jean prodded her husband with her foot. "Go on, honey. You know you
have to."

Heaving a sigh, Scott stood up, placing his fists on his hips.
"Gambit!" he barked. "You know better than to drag humans in here
unannounced!"

Ravenne smiled, dangerously. "Oh, so I'm a human? About as human as my old friend Logan over there! Right, Wolfie?"

"'Wolfie'?" Rogue repeated, puzzled. Logan grunted, popping open another beer.

"They've all gotta have their own special nicknames for me, darlin'," he grumped, sucking down half the brew. He glanced briefly over at Ravenne, who was looking at him expectantly. "Yeah, right. Cyke, me an' this lil' hellcat have been in a ton'a fights all across the flamin' continent. If Gumbo brings her in, he's got no complaints from me. Gal's a better fighter than--" his lip curled as he forced the words out--"you an' Jubes an' Kitty together."

Totally disgusted, Logan stood up. "That left a nasty taste in my craw," he growled. "Anyone needs me, I'll be out back choppin' down trees."

Smoothing down her black jeans and black leather jacket over her lush hips, ample bosom and thin waist, Ravenne smiled again. She didn't even need makeup; her beauty was all natural and she wore it with grace, ease and irresistable sexuality.

"See? If Logan says I'm good, then I'm good. And Remy loves me, so there, buttbreath."

Scott looked bored. "Why you little--" he said flatly. Then he turned around. "Bobby?"

"Whuh?" Bobby was riveted to the television. "Oh, oh yeah." He cleared his throat, then began spasming in a ridiculous way that forced Ororo to either move or lose an eye. "Hahahaha!! Ooooh, Ravenne, that's a good one! Hahahaha!! Take that, Scott!" He finished and returned to normal, grinning at Hank. "I did that one well, dontcha think?"

"Hmmm," Hank considered. "Well, you forgot your signature 'Scott's always got a stick up his posterior' remark, but I think the duplication of your laugh was quite well done. Congratulations, Bobbithon."

"Now, now!" Jean rose from the sofa and went over to clasp Scott's shoulders. "Scott, honey, don't get so riled up," she trilled. "Can't you see that Ravenne really loves Remy? And she would be a great addition to the team. And--" she scrunched her eyes shut and held her fingers to her temples--"I'm sensing that there is some sort of horrible pain in her past...like...nothing I've ever experienced before...."

"Get out of my head, psi-witch!" Ravenne cried. Without even knowing what she was doing, she lashed out mentally, forcing Jean out of her mind. "You can keep your phony sympathy!"

Jean kissed Scott's cheek and went back to the sofa. "Good," she muttered. "Because it was phony."

Ororo looked up. "Goddess...if I have to say the 'she's experienced worse than Jean ever did--even worse than the Phoenix' line, I shall go mad."

"Guys, do we hafta do this?" Rogue whined. "Ah'm not in the mood t'go all whiny and mushy over Remy. She can have him, for all ah care."

Remy raised an eyebrow. "Y'think I'm enjoyin' dis, chere?" he demanded. "You t'ink I _like_ havin' t'invest all my emotions in one gorgeous woman after 'nother? You t'ink I _like_ bein' worshipped like some kinda god? You t'ink I _like_ having constant steamy erotic--oh, no, wait. I _do_ like dis."

Ignoring Rogue's snort, Ravenne's blue-gold-hazel eyes flashed at her lover. "You know I love you, Remy," she breathed. "'Thou art more lovely, and more temperate'." She paused and stared pointedly, smugly, in Hank's direction.

Frankly, Hank was confused. "That wasn't even worked in properly!" he exclaimed.

"Never mind, my friend," Ororo soothed. "Just answer."

Sighing, Hank adjusted his spectacles. "Oho, a Shakespearian!" he droned. "We must keep her, oh Fearless Leader! For I fear there are no others in this sordid burg with whom I may discourse on the Bard's immortal prose!" He ended, looking pained.

Ororo winced, patting his shoulder. "That was even worse than usual," she whispered.

Hank shuddered. "'Marry, this is the long and short of it'," he replied, "'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now'."

Ravenne SilverStar NightWolf then did something that surprised them all.

She burst into a volley of tears.

And she _really_ blubbed. Her face got red, puffy and blotchy, her nose ran in a most unseemly manner, her eyes seemed to recede into her head. There was no charm to it; it was not an endearing show of emotion.

She looked pretty gross.

Aghast, Hank said, "Well, I didn't mean it _literally_...."

Scott went over to the crumpled girl, since Remy was obviously at a loss for what to do. "Ravenne?" he asked gently, gingerly putting an arm around her.

"Oh, you can call me Mary Sue!" the girl wailed. "It's my real name anyway!!! And you all know it! I _hate_ it!"

"If you want to be 'Ravenne', dear, you can be." Jean came over to help her husband. The girl clung to them like they were life preservers.

"I'm sorry I was rude to you," she sniveled. "You guys are really comforting. I just...I hadda! That's what I'm like! I _hadda_!"

"She's got worse grammar than Gambit," Bobby marveled.

Ravenne wiped her eyes and her snotty nose with the back of one hand. Scott wordlessly handed her a box of tissues and she pulled out a clump of them, sniffing.

"I wanna be a real character," she confessed. "I wanna be like you guys. I wanna have depth, and flaws, and make mistakes and even be dorky sometimes!"

"Merde--dis be too much fo' ol' Remy to handle."

"Well, too bad, sugah. You already burned yoah tracks where ah'm concerned."

"Bridges, child. The expression is to burn
bridges."

"Whu'evah."

"Look, Ravenne," Scott was saying, "you serve a very important purpose just as you are."

"I...I do?...."

"Sure. You provide a way for fledgling writers to get connected with our personalities. Of course, I'm being extremely generous here, because I'm normally the one who's written like an anal-retentive pod-person. But still...."

Ravenne Mary Sue SilverStar NightWolf blinked rapidly. "You think...I'm _important_?"

Jean smiled. "Of course, sweetie. _Very_ important."

The girl stood up, all traces of tears drying immaculately. The X-People on the sofa immediately fell silent. Maybe if they didn't talk, she'd just concentrate on Scott and Jean.

"You're right!" Ravenne Mary Sue sparkled. "I _am_ important! I'm gonna go spread my importance around in Generation X!"

"Yeah!" Bobby raised a fist. "You go!"

They all watched quietly as Ravenne Mary Sue SilverStar NightWolf ran out of the room. They remained silent until the front door slammed. Then there was a communal sigh of relief.

"Remy, don't evah bring any more of those no-good, trampy, stuck-up lil' bimbos 'round here again, y'hear me?"

The Cajun shrugged. "D'accord."

Scott collapsed on the sofa, lolling his tongue out. "That was exhausting," he moaned.

"Poor baby," Jean crooned, curling up against him. "Well, she's not our problem anymore."

"No," Bobby crowed. "She's GenX's. And they _hate_ Mary Sues."

Hank nodded. "But, given their proclivity towards Mary Sue infestations, I'm certain they'll know how to deal with her."

"Say, do you suppose we should call Sean and Emma and warn them?" Jean wondered. Scott shook his head.

"Nah. Emma's seemed bored lately. Shredding a Mary Sue will be just the thing to perk her up, don't you think?..."

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